

Republican Rally.

The last republican rally of the local campaign was held in Music Hall on Saturday evening. Owing to the extreme heat there was rather a small attendance but there were two good speeches and all present were well repaid for their attendance. L. P. Slack presided and gracefully introduced the speakers of the evening. Lieut.-Gov. Bates was the first one and he spoke for about 45 minutes upon the difference between republican rule and democratic rule as shown by the prosperity of the country and cited many statistics to prove his statements. Gov. Bates' address was full of convincing facts and figures that were presented in a forceful and eloquent manner.

The principal address of the evening was given by John Barrett, ex-minister to Siam. Mr. Barrett's speech was devoted entirely to the discussion of the Philippine question and the issue of imperialism.

Mr. Barrett referred to Generals Stutz and Lawton, the latter a democrat of democrats, who fell fighting for their flag and country in the Philippines, and to their views on the Philippine situation. He also read a letter from General Lawton, written him but a short time before Lawton's death.

The speaker devoted some time to showing why it was necessary for Admiral Dewey and the American flag to remain at Manila bay and then turned his attention to Aguinaldo, whom he knew personally. He scored those anti-imperialists who compare Aguinaldo to George Washington, characterized the Filipino chief as unscrupulous, and showed that Admiral Dewey never received Aguinaldo, except in an informal manner, proving that the rebel chief never had any hold on Dewey or on the American government. Mr. Barrett explained the story that Admiral Dewey furnished Aguinaldo with arms and showed how the Filipinos procured their rifles.

In conclusion Mr. Barrett spoke of the effect of Dewey's victory, the strength of our moral position in the Philippines, and of the knowledge that came to the brown men of the east through the American victories in the Spanish-American war that the flag of this country represents a power that must be respected on every sea and in every land. Stirring music for the rally was furnished by the St. Johnsbury Band.

India's Needy Women.

The movement in behalf of the women of India is meeting with sympathetic responses from many. The following particulars may help to work more intelligently in this worthy cause. A missionary writes that "hundreds of thousands of the famine sufferers have not so much as a yard of cloth for their entire wardrobe. Keen as has been their hunger, women have begged piteously for a bit of covering rather than for food."

The dress skirt for these women is a straight, full skirt, measuring, when finished 38 inches long and five yards around, with a narrow hem at the bottom and top, and a drawing string run into the top hem. It may be made with the length of the goods running around the skirt or up and down, and may be of print, gingham, flannel, outing flannel, etc. The veil or drapery for the head and shoulders may be of any kind of thick or thin material, such as stout unbleached cotton, cheese cloth, remnants of linings, old muslin or lace curtains. Remnants large and small can be utilized there; also old dresses and waists which may be stained or faded, if not too badly worn, as well as sheets, blankets and quilts which are greatly needed.

If each of our townspeople help just a little, even, either by money for material or with clothing, the aggregate will comfort many hearts in India. Clothing may be left at the vestry of the Methodist church and contributions of money be handed to Mrs. J. L. Perkins, Mrs. G. W. Hunt or to any of the active women of the town who will see that the purchasing committee have it. The box must be ready to ship to New York by the tenth of September in order to go with Bishop Parker.

To Entertain Sir Knights.

Palestine Commandery, No. 5, K. T., will entertain Dunlap Commandery, No. 5, of Bath, Me., next Wednesday and Thursday. About 100 are expected from Bath, including a band, and the St. Johnsbury Sir Knights have prepared a very attractive entertainment for their guests.

Dunlap Commandery will arrive at St. Johnsbury on the afternoon train from the East and be escorted by Palestine Commandery to the headquarters established at Pythian hall. At 4:30 o'clock, lines will be reformed for parade. The line of march will be from headquarters to Main street, to Mount Pleasant street, to Summer street, to Central street, to Main street, to Eastern Avenue, to Pearl street, to Cross street, to Railroad street, to Maple street, counter-march on Railroad street, to Eastern Avenue where the guests will be escorted to their quarters, at the Avenue House.

On Wednesday evening there will be a reception to the visitors at the Fairbanks museum and the St. Johnsbury Athenaeum and art gallery will also be open from 8:30 to 10. On Thursday morning the visiting Sir Knights will be escorted through the scale factory and to other places of interest in the town. After that they will proceed to Newport and in the afternoon enjoy a trip through Lake Memphremagog on the Lady of the Lake. Dunlap Commandery will be accompanied on this trip by the Bath Naval Cadet Band and the St. Johnsbury Band will be with the Palestine Commandery. It is expected that there will be about 200 on the excursion through Lake Memphremagog.

Church Notes.

Next Sunday at the North church Mr. Chapman will speak in the evening upon the topic, "God's use of imperfect means." The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered in the morning. The Junior Endeavor Society will resume its meetings at 3:30 p. m. and the senior society will meet at 6 p. m.

First Church of Christ, Scientist Odd Fellows block. Sunday morning service at 10:45, subject, "Substance." Wednesday evening meeting at 7:30. The reading room is open on Wednesday and Thursday from two till five. All kind of Christian Science Literature on hand, and those in attendance will be pleased to see you. The room is free to the public.

The pastor of the Free Baptist church expects to preach and conduct the communion service in that church next Sunday morning. Sunday school at the usual time.

Mrs. C. T. Ranlet assisted the South church choir Sunday.

The Ladies Circle of the Church of the Messiah met with Mrs. Winfield Hastings at Westview farm, Thursday, Aug. 23. After devoting an hour to the business of the circle the ladies adjourned to a picnic supper under the maples, where they enjoyed the good things from the baskets, not forgetting the delicious honey provided by the host. The means of conveyance to and from the farm was a hay rack provided by Mr. Hastings, which was very much appreciated. The 25 ladies present wish to extend a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Hastings for their hospitality.

L. F. Smith, a graduate of the Royal Academy of Music, London, England, has been engaged as organist and choir master of St. Andrew's church. He will commence his duties on Sunday next. The young people's service announced for Sunday next will not be held, but the usual preaching service, discontinued during July and August, will be resumed.

Rev. G. W. Hunt has returned and will occupy the pulpit at the Methodist church next Sunday morning and evening. The morning service will consist of communion and reception of members. In the evening Mr. Hunt will resume the Sunday evening lectures, taking for his subject, "The king with a withered hand." The choir will resume their work next Sunday.

Darts from Dartmouth.

Dr. S. L. Leeds, pastor of the college church, has sent in his resignation. Dr. Leeds has presided over this church for 40 years. He was ordained in his 21st year and accepted a call to Hanover eight or nine years later. He fills the pulpit during the vacation months and six times in the college year. President Tucker officiates four Sundays, the Board of Preachers making up the remaining Sundays. Besides the above, President Tucker gives his faithful talks to young men.

Dr. Leeds is a smooth and elegant speaker, characterized more by solidity of argument than by eloquence, and of unquestionable sincerity. Though a man long past threescore, he takes great interest in all questions making them a component part in all sermons.

Prof. C. D. Adams is taking a short rest at Randolph.

Prof. P. F. Munde, the New York specialist in gynecology, accompanied by his family, will spend this vacation at Montreal and at the Thousand Islands.

War Veterans Coming.

The Third Vermont regimental reunion next Thursday will be the most notable one the regiment have ever held as they will have as their guests their first colonel, Maj.-Gen. W. F. ("Baldy") Smith, and Capt. Clark, the gallant commander of the Oregon. These distinguished veterans will arrive on the 10:45 train from the south on Thursday morning and be escorted from the train to Grand Army Hall by the members of the Third regiment, old soldiers and Company D. of the Vermont Volunteers. Music for the occasion will be furnished by the Hyde Park Drum Corps. Dinner will be served in the hall at noon by the Waman's Relief Corps after which will come the business meeting of the association. After the business is concluded there will be a chance to meet and greet Maj.-Gen. Smith and Capt. Clark. St. Johnsbury will give these heroes a royal welcome and we hope that there will be a general unfurling of the flags on the day that they visit St. Johnsbury.

Automobile Trip.

O. and B. W. McCrillis, state agents for Stoddard's lectures, went to Montpelier from here last week in their latest automobile. They left St. Johnsbury at 3:30 o'clock Monday, and reached the Pavilion hotel at about 8 o'clock. The numerous hills, they said, did not bother the machine. They met, however, many farmers out riding with their families, and every one of them insisted upon having the automobile halted while the horses were made to approach the machine and smell of it. This took some time because the horses often objected to getting into close quarters with the mysterious vehicle. The farmers said the horseless vehicles were sure to be running all about the country before long, and they were anxious to have their horses learn what they were like, so as not to be frightened later.

Y. N. C. A. Affairs.

The time has now come when a final rally should be made to the support of the Y. M. C. A. in St. Johnsbury. The directors still holding to the motto "Pay as you go," will not place a general secretary in the field until the money needed for the year's work is pledged. They are so near the goal that they feel the citizens will not allow the effort to place the association on a permanent footing to fail. Why not now send in your subscription to the president, and thus show your sympathy with those who are laboring so zealously in this cause. The year of the association closes early in September, and it is hoped the required amount will be pledged by that time.

THE REPRESENTATIVE QUESTION.

[Continued from first page.]

He also served upon other important committees. As representative he will bring to his aid legislative experience, and will be predicted, rank among the first of the representatives in the legislature.

We ask the voters for a moment to consider the other alternative. There is little doubt that the next representative will be either the Republican caucus nominee or the Democratic nominee. The Democratic party, ever alert to take advantage of any dissension in the Republican ranks, are working with united zeal to defeat the Republican candidate, elect their own candidate, and misrepresent the town of St. Johnsbury by electing a Democratic representative with Republican votes. We urge nothing personally against the Democratic nominee except that he is a Democrat and stands zealously and firmly upon the platform of Bryan Democracy, and also upon the Randall platform of two years ago, including high license with local option. We believe that the people of St. Johnsbury would blush at the result a Democratic representative, however good a man, were sent from St. Johnsbury, especially to have the town recorded as being in favor of high license in this, a year when the high license advocates are making strenuous assaults upon the prohibitory law.

Let all good Republicans and all who oppose high license, then, rally to the support of Mr. Blodgett and cast their ballot in his favor.

Gave Himself up to the Police.

Word reached here last Sunday that Frank P. Corcoran of this place had given himself up to the New York police and confessed that he had embezzled \$3000 from the Metropolitan Stock Exchange of Boston. Mr. Corcoran was manager of the local branch of the exchange, and left St. Johnsbury about two weeks ago on the night train. No one, not even his wife, had heard from him since, until news came of his surrender to the New York police. Mr. Corcoran must have operated heavily in the market to have taken so much money and his sudden departure was a great surprise to his customers who had no reason to suspect any crookedness in his accounts. It will be remembered that an indictment is over him for keeping a bucket shop contrary to the Vermont Statutes, and the Boston company have furnished his bond for \$1000 for appearance at the December term of court. The case is now before the Supreme court on the question of the legality of the indictment.

Mr. Corcoran is still detained in New York, and though he has waived the right of extradition and is willing to come back to St. Johnsbury, the New York police are holding him on the claim that extradition papers are necessary.

Two Good Ball Games.

The St. Johnsbury boys put up two games of ball last week, but the only trouble was that in the last game the other fellows won. The boys played against the Bellows Falls nine, which was won most of its games this season, and found a strong team with nine crack players. The first game was quite a pitchers' contest and was as fine an exhibition of good ball playing as has ever been seen on our campus. The home nine had only one error charged to them and Abbott and Gokey each secured two base hits. Gokey pitched the second day, and though the game was won in the second inning our boys held the visitors down all the rest of the game and kept the crowd guessing as to the final result until the last inning was played. Mr. Gaskill, the official scorer, has kindly furnished us with the scores of the two games and they tell their own story:

BELOW FALLS.	A.	B.	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	R.
McAllister c. f.	4	1	0	4	1	0	0	0
Bacon 2 b.	3	1	2	4	2	0	0	0
Morrison l. f.	3	0	1	1	0	0	0	0
Shea i. b.	4	0	0	12	0	1	0	0
Guilbert c. s.	4	0	0	3	7	1	0	0
Chapman r. f.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Crane 3 b.	4	0	0	0	1	1	0	0
Dolan c.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Ferry p.	4	0	0	0	8	1	0	0
Totals.	29	2	3	24	16	3	0	0

ST. JOHNSBURY.	A.	B.	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	R.
Hallgren 3 b.	4	1	0	1	0	0	0	0
Stiles s. s.	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Hazleton l. f.	3	0	1	13	0	0	0	0
Abbott 2 b.	2	0	0	0	12	0	0	0
Howe r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Heath c. f.	3	1	0	2	0	0	0	0
Fiske c.	3	0	0	0	2	0	0	0
Straub l. f.	3	0	0	5	0	1	0	0
Gokey p.	3	1	0	0	3	0	0	0
Totals.	29	3	2	27	16	2	0	0

St. Johnsbury.	A. H.	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	R.
Abbott 2 b.	5	1	2	4	1	0	0
Stiles c.	5	1	1	1	1	0	0
Gokey 3 b.	5	1	1	12	0	0	0
St. Johnsbury 3 b.	5	1	1	1	1	0	0
Heath c. f.	4	0	1	2	2	1	0
Fiske 2 b.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Crane 3 b.	5	0	1	2	1	1	0
St. Johnsbury.	5	0	0	0	0	0	0
Gokey c. f.	5	0	0	0	2	2	0
Taylor p.	4	0	0	0	2	2	0
Totals.	38	5	8	27	12	2	0

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bellows Falls	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	2
St. Johnsbury	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	3
Two base hits, Morrison, Abbott, Shea, Taylor.									
More, stole bases, Bellows Falls 7; St. Johnsbury 4.									
Taylor 4; old Gokey 4. Struck out by									
Gokey, Bacon, Dolan; St. Johnsbury, Haflord 2,									
Fiske 2, Taylor 2, Shea 2, Taylor 2.									
Umpire, Steele, Watson. Scorer, Gaskill.									

ST. JOHNSBURY. A. B. R. H. P. O. A. R.
Abbott 2 b. 5 1 2 4 6 0 0
Stiles s. s. 5 1 1 1 2 0 0
Howe 1 b. 4 0 0 12 0 0 0
Stolworthy 3 b. 3 1 1 0 0 1 0
Heath c. f. 4 0 0 3 0 0 0
Fiske c. 4 0 0 3 1 1 0
Straub l. f. 3 1 3 2 0 0 0
Moore r. f. 3 1 3 2 0 0 0
Gokey p. 4 0 0 5 2 1 0
Totals. 33 5 8 27 12 4

THE LOST MINIATURE.

"It is rather a peculiar case," he began.

I smiled wisely. Every one thinks his case peculiar. In reality it generally proves unusual only to the one concerned in it.

My book was turned, face down, on the window sill. I was ready to listen, but Allyn did not go on at once. He sat quietly gazing out of the window across the river. The smile was still on my face as I suggested:

"This 'peculiar case' certainly has its heroine."

"It has a heroine, yes." Allyn's eyes were so frank as they met mine. His gaze had not been so direct nor his face so clear the last time I had seen him. A year's absence from his old associate had certainly been good for him. It was a pleasure to look at him.

Just now his expression puzzled me. I could not fathom it, but it invited me to continue.

"Have you her photograph with you?"

"Yes."

He drew out of his breast pocket a small red leather case and, opening it, handed it to me. It needed but one glance at the painted oval to make me exclaim impetuously:

"You love her. No one could doubt that an instant."

Such a picture! A dainty little head covered with short, curling hair; a delicate, loving, teasing face; dark, full, bewitching eyes. The throat was bare, and an indistinct mass of white gauze ended the portrait.

"You must love her." I spoke with conviction.

"I do," returned Allyn—"most sincerely."

Still his expression puzzled me. An inscrutable smile played over his face, but he delayed beginning the story he had volunteered to tell.

"And she?" I hesitated over the inquiry remembering what manner of man it was who had gone from us a year ago.

A gentle expression passed over Allyn's face.

"I think she is fond of me," he replied simply.

I stretched out my hand and Allyn grasped it warmly.

"I do believe," he said earnestly, "that if ever a man was fortunate that man is I. Will you care to listen? I used to tell you things when I was a boy," he added apologetically.

I picked up my sewing, always lying ready against such times as this, and leaned back in my rocker.

Allyn reached for the picture. He leaned his head on one hand and his elbow on the table. In the other hand he held the case where his eyes could rest on the face. His own face became grave.

"It was a year ago. One night—or morning, rather—I landed on the ferry on the way to my lodgings. I couldn't get a street car or a cab. In fact, I was too drunk to think of either, so I stumbled along just keeping straight enough to escape the police. In front of my lodgings is an electric light. A slight fall of snow had whitened the pavement and made distinct this case beneath the light. I had just strength and sense enough left to pick it up, tumble up the stairs and stretch myself out on my couch."

Allyn snapped the case shut and paused a moment.

"Some time the next day I awoke and the first thing that attracted my attention was this—open on the floor and her eyes looking up at me—in that condition."

An expression of disgust good to see came over the man's face.

"I quickly shut the case and put myself and my room in order. Then I sat down and studied her."

Still absorbed in his narrative, Allyn opened the case again and dropped his eyes on the photograph.

"I told you this was a peculiar case, and you will think, I fear, that I am a peculiar man. But the more I looked at her the more I wanted to look. I never parted with the miniature. I carried it around in my pocket and thought and thought about her until she became a living presence to me, a beautiful woman always with me. I became absorbed in the fellows complained, but I came to have an engagement always when they wanted me. My engagement was with this—the lady of the miniature. I had lost my heart to her. About the original of the photograph I reasoned this way: She would not be carrying her own miniature around in all probability. It must have been lost by a friend, and probably—here was the hard part of it all—by her lover. If I advertised it, he would claim it, and I should not meet her."

"I didn't advertise. I did something far more irrational. I spent my spare hours searching. I visited stores and walked the streets. I haunted the residence part of the city. I went to the opera and scanned the boxes rather than the stage. Needless to say, I did not find her; yet I never lost hope. I felt I must find her and look at her. I felt this fresh every time I opened this case. I would not give up the search. When I had exhausted every resource of my own, I did something which I had shrunk from doing before; I haunted out the best detective in the city and told him to spare neither time nor money in finding her."

"Within two weeks I received a note from him. He was obliged to leave the town suddenly. He wrote something like this: 'I've found her at 320 Water avenue. Imogene Munroe. Will give you particulars when I return tomorrow. She is anxious to recover the miniature.'"

"But I could not await the next day, and saw no reason why it would be necessary. I had the photograph and would take it so her. Because of it I should insure myself a reception at least."

"I went to 320 Water avenue that

evening. It is an elegant residence in perfect keeping with the case and face. I had scribbled on my card, 'The finder of the miniature.' The maid who admitted me said that Miss Munroe was at home. She took the card and left me in the reception room. It was one of the most—what shall I call it?—delicious rooms I was ever in. One side was lined with deep windows draped in soft, dainty curtains and filled with plants and flowers. The air was heavy with the scent of roses.

"I stood before one of the windows looking at the blossoms when she came. She came so quietly and gently that I did not hear her. It was only when the sweetest, lowest, clearest voice I had ever heard said, 'At last I am to have my miniature,' that I knew she was in the room. I confess I trembled as I turned and took the hand of—"

Allyn stopped and smiled. It was a half sad, half amused, wholly inscrutable smile. My sewing had fallen into my lap, and I leaned forward listening breathlessly.

"The hand of the original of the picture. These eyes, this mouth, this delicate complexion, this same soft curling hair. I was looking on it all, the same but—"

Allyn raised his eyes. The amusement had faded away.

"The hair was snowy white, and the skin was wrinkled. Hers was indeed the face of the miniature, the face of 50 years ago. My foolish fancy was destroyed, but in its place came the sweetest little white haired lady that man was ever privileged to call friend. And this miniature! Some way I had a strange reluctance to part with it, and so here it is with me now. That is all," concluded Allyn abruptly.

"That is enough," I said quietly. "I think that face has stood between you and—"

Allyn broke in hastily:

"Oh, that is nothing. I couldn't carry this," holding up the photograph, "into such places as I had been frequenting, and so—well, it's all right."

Allyn buttoned up his coat and smiled at me frankly as he went out by way of the office door.

The doctor has always said there was the making of a man in that boy.—St. Louis Star.

Some Simple Remedies.

In one of the United States health reports published in Washington a few simple remedies for emergency uses are suggested. Witch hazel is one and is recommended as one of the quickest soothers and restorers of a tired brain. Bathe the eyes and forehead freely with the liquid and apply a cloth wet with it at the back of the neck.

Cloths wet in a strong solution of borax water are very cool and healing in case of a burn; care should be taken, however, to exclude the air in putting them on.

A tiny pinch of powdered borax placed on the tongue and allowed to dissolve slowly will almost instantly stop a hacking, irritating cough that may be disturbing one at night. The same treatment relieves an ulcer in the throat, and at the slightest irritation or soreness of the throat a gargle of salt water and borax will be found efficient.

Learning a Language.

How is it that Englishmen are not the best linguists in Europe? Simply and solely because of the general and absurd "deaf and dumb" method of studying foreign languages. Foreigners learning English know better than to waste years over books; they simply "chatter" and learn one word and expression after another, and become familiar with them by constant repetition, with the result that in a few months they can speak and write our language sufficiently well for all practical purposes.—London Mail.

A Submerged Forest.

There is a submerged forest on the Columbia river between the Dalles and the Cascade mountains. According to Mr. G. K. Gilbert, the submerged forest took place 350 years ago, and since then the roots have been under water, while the upper parts of the trunks have been bared yearly at low water. The bark is gone and the wood partly wasted away, but some of it is firm and looks fresh. This fact seems owing to the durable quality of the wood of that species—namely, the Pseudotsuga douglasii.

Fat Man Wanted a Correction.

"That was a fine report you had of the explosion," puffed the fat man, who did not know there was an elevator in the building and climbed three flights of stairs to the editor's office. "A fine report, I must say." And sarcasm fairly rang in his tones. "Did you know that it was my furnace that blew up, that I stand the loss, that but for me you wouldn't have the item?"

"If you are D. J. Jones, we did."

"I am D. Jacobus Jones. You didn't even spell out my middle name. You'd think that my wife and hired girl were the whole thing the way you wrote it up."

"The girl was terribly burned, and your wife was badly hurt while saving the girl. You don't appear to have had any hand in the matter."

"Didn't, hey? Did you notice how slowly I sat down when I came in here? Did you hear me stifle a groan? I'm sore as a felon from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot. That's what I am. But there's not a word about that."

"Were you in the explosion?"

"No. Wish I had been. When I heard the report, I knew some one must be hurt. I fell down stairs. I ran five blocks for a doctor. When I got home, I was so exhausted that I had to retire, and this morning I had to roll out of bed on a chair to get up. It wasn't my fault that the doctor was out or that an ambulance was at the house when I got back. You can say that I showed great presence of mind and got out and humped myself or stop my paper. Good day!"

ROYAL

The absolutely pure

BAKING POWDER

ROYAL—the most celebrated of all the baking powders in the world—celebrated for its great leavening strength and purity. It makes your cakes, biscuit, bread, etc., healthful; it assures you against alum and all forms of adulteration that go with the cheap brands.

